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# HARVARD CELEBRITIES

A Book of Caricatures &  
Decorative Drawings

by

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&

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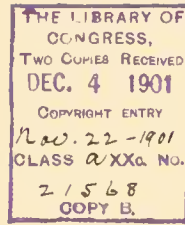
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## MEETING OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

April 24th, 1937, at Philadelphia

### *Living Reminiscences of Two or Three Generations Ago*

By PROFESSOR C. R. LANMAN, of Harvard University

#### *Friends of the Philosophical Society, and Fellow-members:*

It occurred to me that, in the few minutes allowed me, I might tell you a *living reminiscence* or *two* of the very opening year of what may be called the oldest University of our country, the Johns Hopkins University. If my words remind you of the existence of the volume which I hold in my hand, *The Launching of a University*, by its first President, Daniel Coit Gilman, they will not have been in vain.

Of the three hundred gathered here, is there a single one, I wonder, who still remembers the primeval days of the Hopkins, when motherly Mrs. Egerton, and her sister, "Aunt Retty," played such a modest but highly important part in providing us students and bachelor teachers with wholesome food? It *was* wholesome, and incidentally, delicious. And ample was the reason we had for attending the voluntary religious assembly for Christian worship, and giving thanks for a good breakfast on which to start the day's work. For the religious attitude of the University was matter of deep concern to Mr. Gilman. In October, 1876, a Presbyterian minister of New York writes to a Presbyterian minister of Baltimore, with reference to the Opening Lecture of Huxley: "It was bad enough to invite Huxley. It were better to have asked God to be present. It would have been absurd to have asked them both." On this Mr. Gilman comments: "People were on the alert for impiety, and disappointed to find no traces of it." Sixty-one years after, in this present year of grace, 1937, it sounds — well, funny.

The events of life come in very helter-skelter fashion. And so do the various little items that I have told you in the *last half-minute*. This is *not un-intentional* on my part; and why? because it illustrates the helter-skelter jumble of confusingly interlacing problems, which it was Mr. Gilman's daily task to try to solve. — It means that Gilman's conception of his Office as a University President was broader than that of any of his predecessors *as heads of Colleges*. He must needs ask himself, What is the best thing — not for the Hopkins foundation alone, but rather — for any of the many foundations which then were destined soon to become real Universities through the length and breadth of our land.

I don't remember ever praying to God for length of days. But that's just what's been given me. And now, at the close of my 87th year, although hard of hearing, I'm otherwise in uncommonly good health. At the beginning of Harvard's Catalog are now listed more than 2,000 "Officers of Instruction and Administration." They are so many, that I feel like a "cat in a strange garret," although (in fact and by appointment), I am the Senior of them all.

At the risk of my being unduly personal, perhaps it may interest you to hear some things just because I can tell them from *direct personal recollection* of early childhood. For instance, a latch-string. My father's next neighbor was "Old Lady Coolidge." Her weather-beaten door was held shut by a wooden latch and an inside catch. The latch-string, passing through a hole in the door, was pulled in at night, and put out in the morning, so that an early caller could raise the latch from the outside by a gentle pull. Thus "Our latch-string is out for you" became a classic expression of cordial hospitality. Maybe some of you have seen latch-strings in the back-country of the Blue Ridge. Old Lady Coolidge's was familiar to me as a child. But I have never seen one elsewhere in all my life, not even in rural Germany.\*

But, to go on with *direct personal recollections of earliest years*,— my father had a very little money, and lots of things far better; at Norwich-town, Connecticut, a beautiful old home (we called it

\* This paragraph was left out in the delivery, for brevity.

"Three Elms"), with shade-trees and fruit-trees and garden, and (nota bene) plenty of wood to saw and split and lug into the house; and cows to milk and drive to pasture; and horses to feed and groom and ride and drive. — And at Yale, I had the inestimable privilege of being taught by Theodore Dwight Woolsey (observe his middle name) in international law and economics (free trade, Philadelphia was the "hot-bed" of protection); and by James Dwight Dana in geology; and by William Dwight Whitney in Sanskrit (I'm sure he would have been just as splendidly inspiring in astronomy); and James Hadley in Greek. And I want *you* young men to hear these their names, because, although they have been long dead, I feel sure that there are a good many young men here to whom these names mean very very much.

Then came the years at Tuebingen. That was a genuine piece of the Middle Ages, surviving into the Eighteen-hundreds. There I rode and swam and hiked. And there I studied the Hindu Veda, under the sturdy and adorable Rudolph Roth, a genuine Swabian, who had been, a generation earlier, the teacher of my Yale teacher, Whitney. — And after Tuebingen, in 1876, came Baltimore, lovely Baltimore. There I had the example of Henry Rowland; and that, not only in science, but also in the due care of the body; for he *seemed* as devoted to horseback riding, as he *was* devoted to the most intricate problems of Physics.

And as for the years of Harvard: Betsy, that was the name of my bay mare, I rode diligently all thereabouts. And then I rode bicycles, until *automobiles in heedless hands*, drove me from the highways, and I said, as did John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a few days ago, "Alas!" and sighed for the good old times. — But automobiles are not allowed on our Charles River, except at the bottom, where I seldom have occasion to go. So I still keep up my rowing, and have done 12,000 miles or more since the Dam was built. And when the Charles is covered with ice, I go with great regularity to the Harvard Swimming Pool. There we enjoy our plunges and dives and swims, exercise, moderate or strenuous, as you prefer, and in pleasant company. And above all, we think of ourselves as "boys" again. And this is precisely what we ought to do. Else, why have we just had a tip-top dinner? if not to remind us that the fulness of life consisteth not in

the abundance of severe labor that a man performeth? and that these amenities are part and parcel of a wise man's normal career?

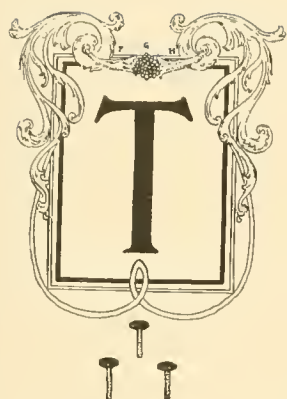
A good many of those present are Hopkins or Yale or Harvard men, assembled here under the ægis of the venerable "Philosophical," to do honor to her wisdom and forethought, and to the devoted services of her Members and Officers. Of President Gilman's "First Twenty Fellows" of 1876, Ernest Sihler and I survive. That group includes Walter Hines Page, later our Ambassador at the Court of St. James's Palace; and the boy — I say it reverently — the red-headed boy from Grass Valley, California, Josiah Royce. Of the six original Professors, Gildersleeve, Remsen, Rowland, Sylvester, D'Urban Morris, Martin, — all are dead. — One of President Gilman's happiest thoughts, in the very opening year of 1876, was the invitation of distinguished men of science and letters from elsewhere, to act as Visiting Professors at the Hopkins. Judge Cooley, the constitutional lawyer, came from the University of Michigan. Harvard sent us her two leading men of letters, Child and Russell Lowell. "Hilgard was chosen," says Gilman, "for his experience in geodesy, and because of our desire, at that early day, to initiate surveys in the State of Maryland." Observe that this is indeed a University President speaking, but a President who is very mindful of the fact that he is *also* a *citizen* of the State of Maryland. With a cheerful dash of colloquialism, Gilman adds: "Sometimes bright students were *spotted* by the Visiting Professors, and afterwards invited to positions of usefulness and distinction elsewhere."

Of the various parties to this wide-visioned proceeding of Gilman as a University President, one asks: Which will admire him most, the other University Presidents, or the *Visiting Spotters*, or the *Visited Spottees*? Be that as it may, the first four years of Gilman at Hopkins were wonderful in new and fruitful additions to the acknowledged rôle of a University President in our country. I doubt not that President Bowman will bear me out, and confirm this testimony to Gilman's fertility in devising ways for vastly increasing the possibilities of usefulness of the Office of University President. — I am glad of this occasion to remind you directly of Gilman, and of his loving enthusiasm and devotion.

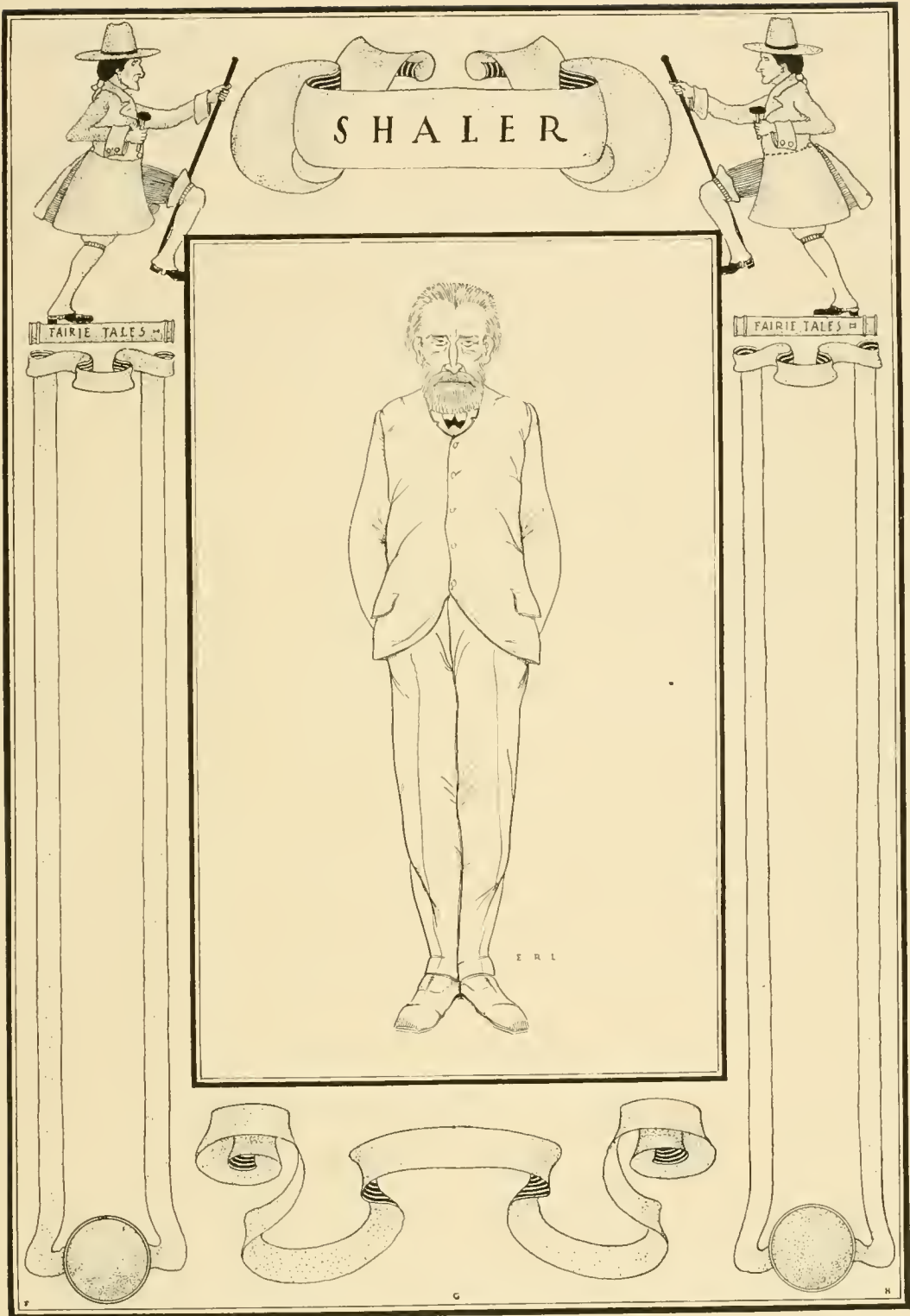


O each illustrious Celebrity  
From whom this work has drawn its in-  
spiration,  
In gratitude and thankful courtesy  
The authors humbly make this dedica-  
tion.





HIS is Shaler,  
Fairy-taler,  
Scientific mountain-scaler,  
Penetrator  
Of each crater  
From the poles to the equator,  
Tamer of the hurricane,  
Prophet of the wind and rain,  
Hypnotizer  
Of the geyser,  
Wizard of the frozen plain.  
Hark! What is that deep and distant  
subterranean roar,  
Arising near Memorial and reaching out to  
Gore?  
'Tis the rumble of applause  
When the speaker makes a pause  
In relating an adventure from his fund of  
earthquake lore.



SHALER

FAIRIE TALES

FAIRIE TALES

E R L

G

H



H, what a blow, to lose so dear a friend!

And oh, how changed the old familiar  
place!

How sad our midnight meals at Herbie's  
stand

Without the genial cheer of Herbie's  
face!

Since Herbie left us all and crossed the  
ocean,

We scarce have heart to taste a custard,  
pie;

We cannot stow a dog without emotion,  
Or drink an egg-and-milk without a  
sigh.

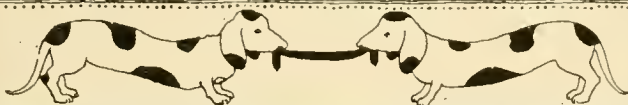
The Voice (it seems) that sanctions him  
has called,

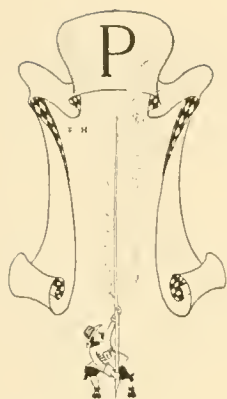
And sent him to the van of civilization;  
In fair Manila he has been installed  
As Foster-father to a budding nation.

H E R B I E



E R L





PLEASE make a careful study of this truth-  
ful illustration,

And take especial notice of the subtile  
connotation.

The atmosphere of London is so well sug-  
gested there,

You 'd think you were in "Rotten Row"  
instead of Harvard Square.

How palpably inadequate my feeble talents  
are

To tell what Harvard culture owes to this,  
its guiding star !

Coherence, Mass, and Unity in Barrett are  
combined

To edify the vulgar, and abash the unre-  
fined.



W E N D E L L



E R L



F

H



DWARD, run the next one in —  
No, no ! That 's upside down —  
Ah, thank you ! This is, gentlemen,  
A figger of renown.  
Observe the flowing drapery,  
The classic head and bust  
(In Modern Painters, Volume III,  
You 'll find these points discussed).

The thoughtful rhythm of his dress,  
The entasis, how fine —  
Organic fundamentalness  
Expressed in every line!  
As Viollet-le-Duc" — but come,  
Before we fall asleep ;  
I fear you find this wearisome —  
And printed notes are cheap.



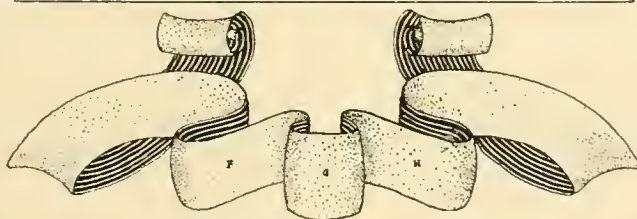
# MOORE

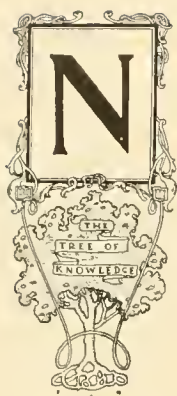


TVRNER



RVSKIN





O observer would suppose,  
From his unassuming clothes,  
This to be the famous Widow whom the  
student body knows;  
A man of wealth immense,  
Yet lacking all pretence,  
He makes the Cyclopædia resemble  
thirty cents.

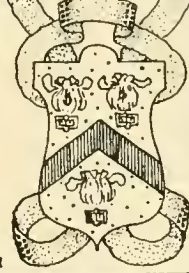
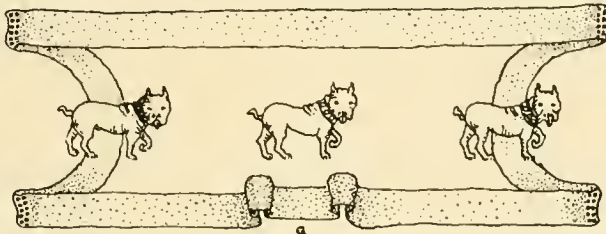
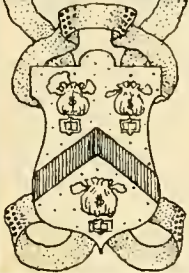
He can give the whole of Mill  
In one concentrated pill,  
Or discourse at moment's notice on the  
Freedom of the Will;  
He will translate Voltaire  
With the greatest *savoir faire*,  
And will read Indo-Iranian and never turn  
a hair.

Dead or dreaming, drunk or sleeping,  
Nolen puts you through,  
But gratitude takes early wing when  
Nolen's bill is due.

# The W I D O W



E R L







F wit and madness be as like as Pope and  
others tell,

Then Copey by the merest squeak escapes  
the padded cell.

Those merry quips, those airy jests he  
springs in English 8

Mean spinal meningitis at no very distant  
date.

And is it all spontaneous, or is it (hush!) a  
bluff?

And does he make them up o' nights, and  
crib them on his cuff?

Oh, wicked, clever cynic! How dare you  
be so sly?

How dare you read "Peg Woffington" and  
make the Freshmen cry?

You bold, delicious joker! You know it,  
yes, you do!

There's but one clever, clever Copey —  
and that one is you!





ASY with the fresh water, boys,  
And lavish with the salt!"  
Who lingers in the lukewarm wash  
Commits the deadly fault.  
Who shirks his half a dozen laps,  
Or fails to bunk at ten,  
Will never have the "husk" and speed  
To down old Eli's men!

The *Globe* may carp, the *Herald* scoff,  
The *Crimson* fret and fume,  
And all the coaches wear an air  
Of unremitting gloom;  
But Jack McMasters' jovial face  
Is always full of cheer,  
So three times three for Trainer Jack,  
And down with doubt and fear!



McMASTERS

H

E R L

F

G

H



EY, gimme a cent! Hey, will yer, mister?  
Gwan!

Aw, cheest, youse stoodents never has no  
mon!

Don't give him nuttin'! Say, want me ter  
dance?

I got a step'll put youse in er trance!

Chure! I kin scrap! Dat feller lick me?  
Naw!

*Aw, you kin not! Shut up, I'll bust yer jaw!*  
I'll lick him fer a nickel! Gimme a dime!  
Chure! Bet it on de Ha'vards, every time!  
Ah, chure, youse has de change! Youse  
ain't so swell!

Aw, gimme a quarter, den! Aw, go  
t'ell! "



T H E  
M V C K E R



E . R . L

F

G

H



Of all the sprightly figures that adorn the  
college scene,

The most supremely genial is our own be-  
loved Dean.

He'll kick you out of college, and he'll  
never shed a tear,

But he does it so politely that it's music to  
the ear.

He meets you in the ante-room, he grasps  
you by the hand,

He offers you the easy-chair, and begs you  
not to stand.

"Good morning, Mr. Sporticus! How is  
your Uncle Jim?

I used to know him well at school—you  
look *so* much like him!

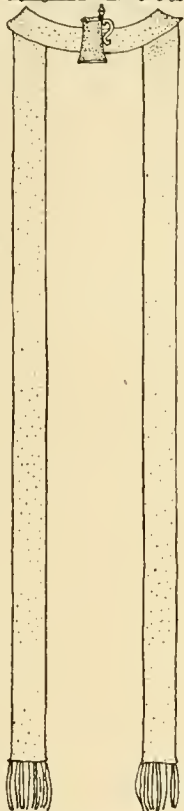
And you're enjoying college? Yes? In-  
deed! I am so glad!

Let's see—six Es? Impossible! How  
very, very sad!"

T H E  
D E A N



SMILES B



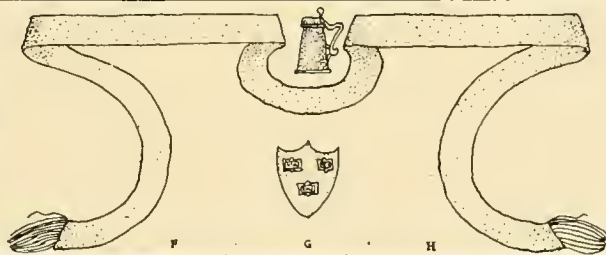
SMILES B



E R I



SMILES B



F

G

H



SMILES B



HAT a grim and cruel look

Has Mr. Gram !

But he 's really just as gentle

As a lamb.

For without the least suspicion

He will sign your "sick " petition,

And whether it 's a lie or not he does n't give  
a slam !

Such a hustling and a hurry

He is in !

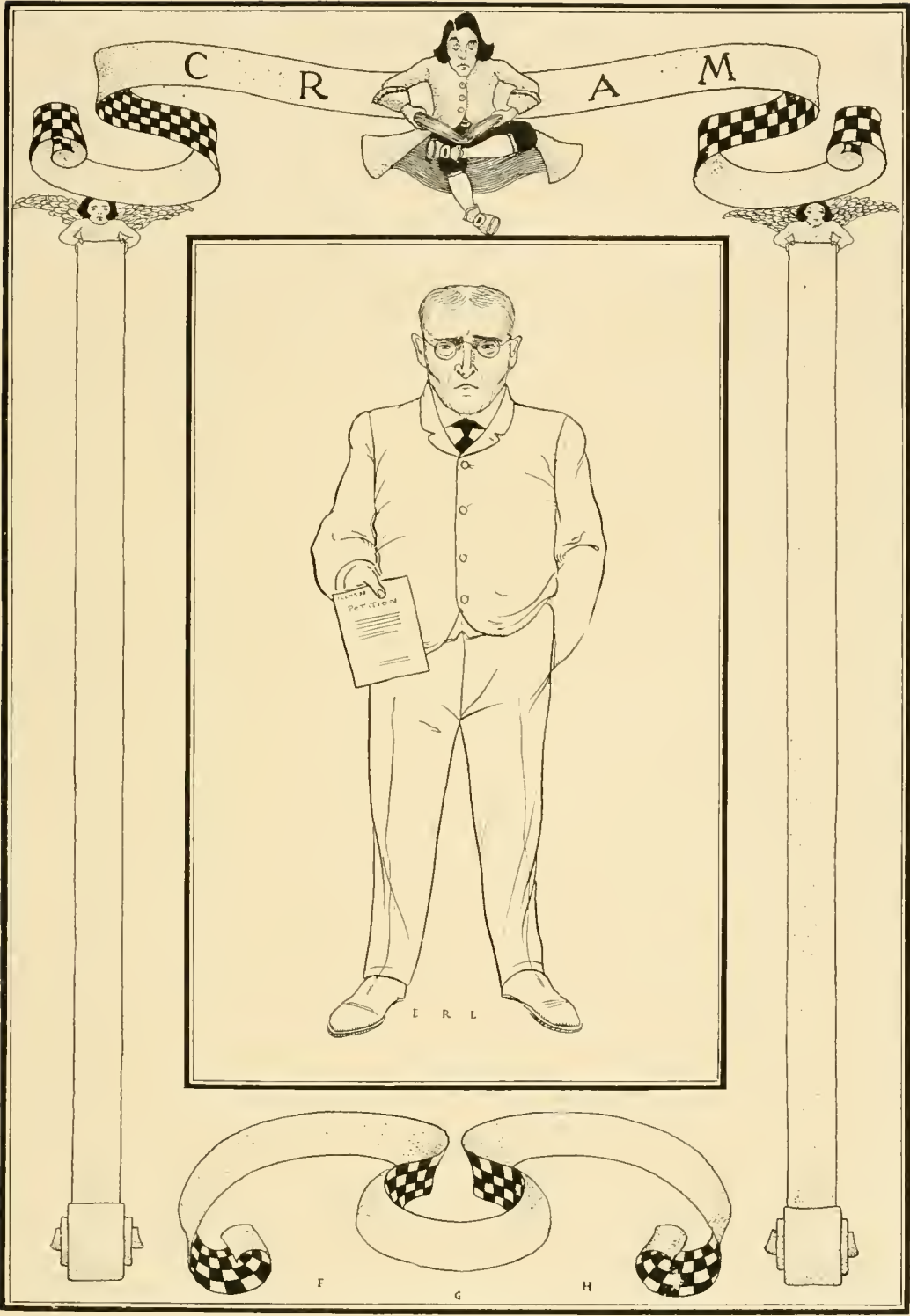
Don't attempt to stop and hand him

Any chin.

"Name, please? You've been cutting  
some.

Headaches? Well, don't do it. Come!"

And you take your hat and exit with a meek,  
respectful grin.



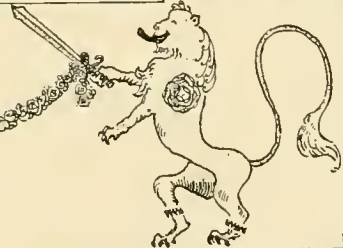
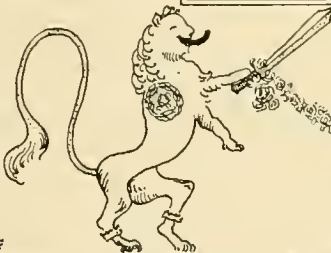
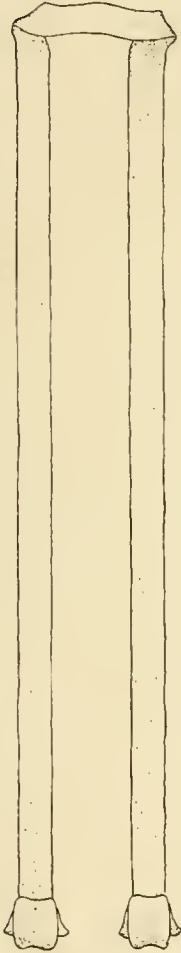


ON Dieu! What is it that it is!  
A-walking on the Square?  
We'll brush away the smoke—Voilà!  
Il est le bon Pierre!  
He has the figure — is it not?  
Petit et débonnaire!

At morn he punctures daily themes  
With aphorisms neat,  
At noon he “bubbles” with the sports  
Upon Mount Auburn Street;  
At eve he does the nobby stunt  
With Mrs. Jack's *élite*.

See how the Radcliffe maidens turn  
To rubber at his clothes;  
He has a truly high-life way  
Of turning out his toes.  
The nifty Prince of Apley Court,  
Our dainty, home-grown Rose!





F

G

H



USHED is the sound of happy Freshmen  
voices,

Hushed is the tramp of little Freshmen  
feet ;

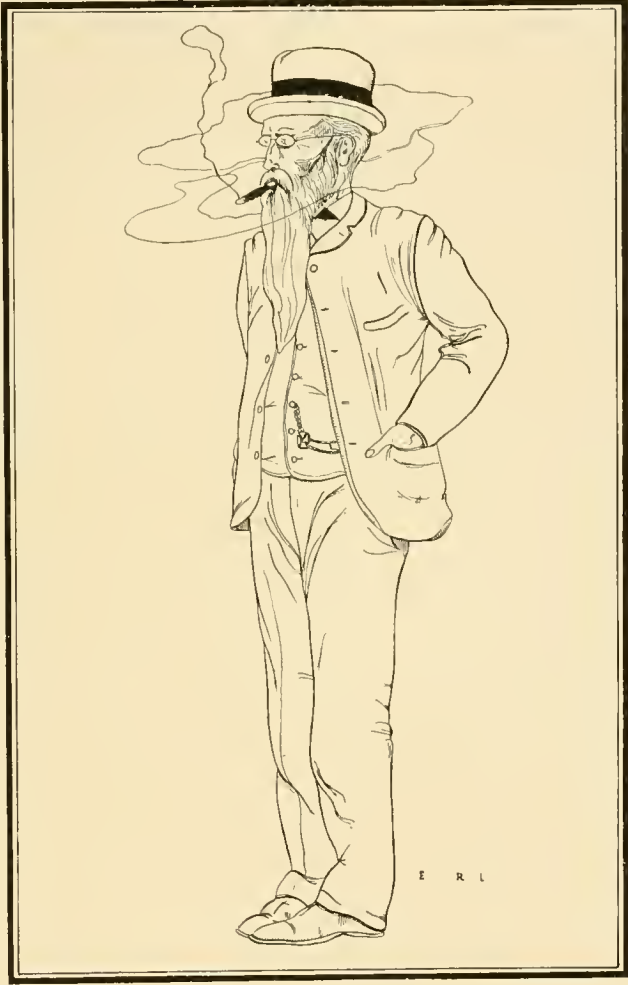
No music cheers the heart of Father San-  
born,

Save that of hurdy-gurdies from the  
street.

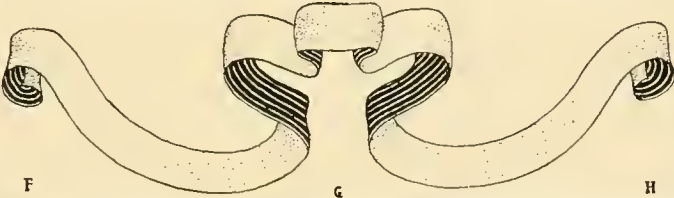
Now idly at the window Sanborn sits,  
And gazes out upon the college gate ;  
The giant billiard balls across the way  
Seem but to mock his own unhappy fate.

The Freshmen pass his door, but do not  
enter,

On, to the Union, ever flows the stream ;  
For Sanborn is a monarch without courtiers,  
His former glory but an idle dream.



E R L





ARD by the ancient grub resort  
The honest Poco stands;  
He smiles upon each passing sport,  
And mildly rubs his hands.  
The student guy, of money shy,  
Is Poco's easy prey;  
There is no green in Poco's eye,  
He makes the business pay.

He beats the little Freshmen down  
In manner most rococo;  
The Clothing Trust of Cambridge town  
Is Butekan the Poco.  
Since this is true, the thing to do,  
It certainly appears,  
Is, give your cast-off clothing to  
The Student Volunteers!





BYOND the vulgar current of events,  
Abhorring things collegiate, doth he stay  
(Three blocks above the dead line); far  
away

From all that can offend the finer sense.  
There meets the eye no crude globiferous  
fence,  
No Fogg, nor Gore; nor winds its noxious  
way  
The benzine buggy; there no night-owls  
stray,  
Or strident clamorous muckers scrambling  
cents.

And ever and anon the far-off cry  
From Shady Hill — “Back! back!” it  
calls in wrath,  
“To Ruskin and Rossetti!” But the  
herd,  
Entranced with brutal sports, hears not the  
word,  
To Soldiers’ Field pursues its downward  
path,  
And Art is left to languish and to die.



